# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon



SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in Burton's inn near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city to identify the body. Wrandall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"I'm not so sure of it," said the coroner, shaking his head. "I have a feeling that she isn't one of the ordinary type. It wouldn't surprise me if she belongs to—well, you might say the upper ten. Somebody's wife, don't you see. That will make it rather difficult, especially as her tracks have been pretty well covered."

"It beats me, how she got away without leaving a single sign behind her," acknowledged the sheriff. "She's a wonder, that's all I've got to say."

At that instant the door opened and Mrs. Wrandall appeared. She stopped short, confronting the huddled group, dry-eyed but as pallid as a ghost. Her eyes were wide, apparently unseeing; her colorless lips were parted in the drawn rigidity that suggested but one thing to the professional man who looks: the "risis sardonicus" of the strychnae victim. With a low cry, the doctor started forward, fully convinced that she had swallowed the deadly drug.

"For God's sake, madam," he began. But as he spoke her expression changed; she seemed to be aware of their presence for the first time. Her eyes narrowed in a curious manner, and the rigid lips seemed to surge with blood, presenting the effect of a queer, swift-fading smile that lingered long after her face was set and serious.

"I neglected to raise the window, Dr. Sheef," she said in a low voice. "It was very cold in there." She shivered slightly. "Will you be so kind as to tell me what I am to do now? What formalities remain for me—"

The coroner was at her side. "Time enough for that, Mrs. Wrandall. The first thing you are to do is to take something warm to drink, and pull yourself together a bit—"

She drew herself up coldly. "I am [illegible] myself, Dr. Sheef. Pray do not [illegible] yourself on my account. I shall [illegible]liged to you, however, if you will [illegible]e what I am to do as speedily as [illegible]le, and let me do it so that I [illegible] leave this—this unhappy place [illegible]thout delay. No! I mean it, sir. I am going tonight—unless, of course," she said, with a quick look at the sheriff, "the law stands in the way."

"You are at liberty to come and go as you please, Mrs. Wrandall," said the sheriff, "but it is most foolhardy to think of—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sheriff," she said, "for letting me go. I thought perhaps there might be legal restraint." She sent a swift glance over her shoulder, and then spoke in a high, shrill voice, indicative of extreme dread and uneasiness:

"Close the door to that room!"

The door was standing wide open, just as she had left it. Startled, the coroner's deputy sprang forward to close it. Involuntarily, all of her listeners looked in the direction of the room, as if expecting to see the form of the murdered man advancing upon them. The feeling, swiftly gone, was most uncanny.

"Close it from the inside," commanded the coroner, with unmistakable emphasis. The man hesitated, and then did as he was ordered, but not without a curious look at the wife of the dead man, whose back was toward him.

"He will not find anything disturbed, doctor," said she, divining his thought. "I had the feeling that something was creeping toward us out of that room."

"You have every reason to be nervous, madam. The situation has been most extraordinary—most trying," said the coroner. "I beg of you to come downstairs, where we may attend to a few necessary details without delay. It has been a most fatiguing matter for all of us. Hours without sleep, and such wretched weather."

They descended to the warm little reception room. She sent at once for the inn keeper, who came in and glowered at her as if she were wholly responsible for the blight that had been put upon his place.

"Will you be good enough to send some one to the station with me in your depot wagon?" she demanded without hesitation.

He stared. "We don't run a 'bus in the winter time," he said, gruffly.

She opened the little chatelaine bag that hung from her wrist and abstracted a card which she submitted to the coroner.

"You will find, Doctor Sheef, that the car my husband came up here in belongs to me. This is the card issued by the state. It is in my name. The factory number is there. You may compare it with the one on the car. My husband took the car without obtaining my consent."

"Joy riding," said Burton, with an ugly laugh. Then he quailed before the look she gave him.

"If no other means is offered, Doctor Sheef, I shall ask you to let me take the car. I am perfectly capable of driving. I have driven it in the country for two seasons. All I ask is that some one be directed to go with me to the station. No! Better than that, if there is some one here who is willing to accompany me to the city, he shall be handsomely paid for going. It is but little more than 30 miles. I refuse to spend the night in this house. That is final."

They drew apart to confer, leaving her sitting before the fire, a stark figure that seemed to detach itself entirely from its surroundings and their companionship. At last the coroner came to her side and touched her arm.

"I don't know what the district attorney and the police will say to it, Mrs. Wrandall, but I shall take it upon myself to deliver the car to you. The sheriff has gone out to compare the numbers. If he finds that the car is yours, he will see to it, with Mr. Drake, that it is made ready for you. I take it that we will have no difficulty in—" He hesitated, at a loss for words.

"In finding it again in case you need it for evidence?" she supplied. He nodded. "I shall make it a point, Doctor Sheef, to present the car to the state after it has served my purpose tonight. I shall not ride in it again."

"The sheriff has a man who will ride with you to the station or the city, whichever you may elect. Now, may I trouble you to make answer to certain questions I shall write out for you at once? The man is Challis Wrandall, your husband? You are positive?"

"I am positive. He is—or was—Challis Wrandall."

Half an hour later she was ready for the trip to New York city. The clock in the office marked the hour as one. A toddled individual in a great buffalo coat waited for her outside, hiccoughing and bandying jest with the half-frozen men who had spent the night with him in the forlorn hope of finding the girl.

Mrs. Wrandall gave final instructions to the coroner and his deputy, who happened to be the undertaker's assistant. She had answered all the questions that had been put to her, and had signed the document with a firm, untrembling hand. Her veil had been lowered since the beginning of the examination. They did not see her face; they only heard the calm, low voice, sweet with fatigue and dread.

"I shall notify my brother-in-law as soon as I reach the city," she said. "He will attend to everything. Mr. Leslie Wrandall, I mean. My husband's only brother. He will be here in the morning, Doctor Sheef. My own apartment is not open. I have been staying in a hotel since my return from Europe two days ago. But I shall attend to the opening of the place tomorrow. You will find me there."

The coroner hesitated a moment before putting the question that had come to his mind as she spoke.

"Two days ago, madam? May I inquire where your husband has been living during your absence abroad? When did you last see him alive?"

She did not reply for many seconds, and then it was with a perceptible effort.

"I have not seen him since my return until—tonight," she replied, a hoarse note creeping into her voice. "He did not meet me on my return. His brother Leslie came to the dock. He—he said that Challis, who came back from Europe two weeks ahead of me, had been called to St. Louis on very important business. My husband had been living at his club, I understand. That is all I can tell you, sir."

"I see," said the coroner, gently.

He opened the door for her and she passed out. A number of men were grouped about the throbbing motor car. They fell away as she approached, silently fading into the shadows like so many vast, unwholesome ghosts. The sheriff and Drake came forward.

"This man will go with you, madam," said the sheriff, pointing to an unsteady figure beside the machine. "He is the only one who will undertake it. They're all played out, you see. He has been drinking, but only on account of the hardships he has undergone tonight. You will be quite safe with Morley."

No snow was falling, but a bleak wind blew meanly. The air was free from particles of sleet; wetly the fall of the night clung to the earth where it had fallen.

"If he will guide me to the Post-road, that is all I ask," said she hurriedly. Involuntarily she glanced upward. The curtains in an upstairs window were blowing inward and a dim light shone out upon the roof of the porch. She shuddered and then climbed up to the seat and took her place at the wheel.

"This Man Will Go With You, Madam," Said the Sheriff.

A few moments later the three men standing in the middle of the road watched the car as it rushed away.

"By George, she's a wonder!" said the sheriff.

CHAPTER II.

The Passing of a Night.

The sheriff was right. Sara Wrandall was an extraordinary woman, if I may be permitted to modify his rather crude estimate of her. It is difficult to understand, much less describe a nature like hers. Fine-minded, gently bred women who can go through an ordeal such as she experienced without breaking under the strain are rare indeed. They must be wonderful. It is hard to imagine a more heart-breaking crisis in life than the one which confronted her on this dreadful night, and yet she faced it with a fortitude that seems almost unholy.

She had loved her handsome, wayward husband. He had hurt her deeply more times than she chose to remember during the six years of their married life, but she had loved him in spite of the wounds up to the instant when she stood beside his dead body in the cold little room at Burton's inn. She went there loving him as he had lived, yet prepared, almost foresworn, to loathe him as he had died, and she left him lying there alone in that dreary room without a spark of the old affection in her soul. Her love for him died in giving birth to the hatred that now possessed her. While he lived it was not in her power to control the unreasoning, resistless thing that stands for love in woman; he was her lover, the master of her impulses. Dead, he was an unwholesome, unlovely clod, a pallid thing to be scorned, a hulk of worthless clay. His blood was cold. He could no longer warm her with it; it could no longer kill the chill that his misdeeds cast about her tender sensitiveness; his lips and eyes never more could smile and conquer. He was a dead thing. Her love was a dead thing. They lay separate and apart. The tie was broken. With love died the final spark of respect she had left for him in her tired, loyal, betrayed heart. He was at last a thing to be despised, even by her. She despised him.

She sent the car down the slope and across the moonless valley with small regard for her own or her companion's safety. It swerved from side to side, skidded and leaped with terrifying suddenness, but held its way as straight as the bird that flies, driven by a steady hand and a mind that had no thought for peril. A sober man at her side would have been afraid; this man swayed mildly to and fro and chuckled with drunken glee.

Her bitter thoughts were not of the dead man back there, but of the live years that she was to bury with him; years that would never pass beyond her ken, that would never die. He had loved her in his wild, ruthless way. He had left her times without number in the years gone by, but he had always come back, gaily unchastened, to remold the love that waited with dog-like fidelity for the touch of his cunning hand. But he had taken his last flight. He would not come back again. It was all over. Once too often he had tried his reckless wings. She would not have to forgive him again. Uppermost in her mind was the curiously restful thought that his troubles were over, and with them her own. A hand less forgiving than hers had struck him dead.

Somehow, she envied the woman to whom that hand belonged. It had been her divine right to kill, and yet another took it from her.

Back there at the inn she had said to the astonished sheriff:

"Poor thing, if she can escape punishment for this, let it be so. I shall not help the law to kill her simply because she took it in her own hands to pay that man what she owed him. I shall not be the one to say that he did not deserve death at her hands, whoever she may be. No, I shall offer no reward. If you catch her, I shall be sorry for her, Mr. Sheriff. Believe me, I bear her no grudge."

"But she robbed him," the sheriff had cried.

"From my point of view, Mr. Sheriff, that hasn't anything to do with the case," was her significant reply.

"Of course, I am not defending him."

"Nor am I defending her," she had retorted. "It would appear that she is able to defend herself."

Now, on the cold, trackless road, she was saying to herself that she did have a grudge against the woman who had destroyed the life that belonged to her, who had killed the thing that was hers to kill. She could not mourn for him. She could only wonder what the poor, hunted, terrified creature would do when taken and made to pay for the thing she had done.

Once, in the course of her bitter reflections, she spoke aloud in a shrill, tense voice, forgetful of the presence of the man beside her:

"Thank God they will see him now as I have seen him all these years. They will know him as they have never known him. Thank God for that!"

The man looked at her stupidly and muttered something under his breath. She heard him, and recalling her wits, asked which turn she was to take for the station. The fellow lopped back in the seat, too drunk to reply.

For a moment she was dismayed, frightened. Then she resolutely reached out and shook him by the shoulder. She had brought the car to a full stop.

"Arouse yourself, man!" she cried. "Do you want to freeze to death? Where is the station?"

He straightened up with an effort, and, after vainly seeking light in the darkness, fell back again with a grunt, but managed to wave his hand toward the left. She took the chance. In five minutes she brought the car to a standstill beside the station. Through the window she saw a man with his feet cocked high, reading. He leaped to his feet in amazement as she entered the waiting-room.

"Are you the agent?" she demanded.

"No, ma'am. I'm simply staying here for the sheriff. We're looking for a woman—say!" He stopped short and stared at the veiled face with wide, excited eyes. "Geo whiz! Maybe you—"

"No, I am not the woman you want. Do you know anything about the trains?"

"I guess I'll telephone to the sheriff before I—"

"If you will step outside you will find one of the sheriff's deputies in my automobile, helplessly intoxicated. I am Mrs. Wrandall."

"Oh," he gasped. "I heard 'em say you were coming up tonight. Well, say! What do you think of—"

"In there a train in before morning?"

"No, ma'am. Seven-forty is the first."

She waited a moment. "Then I shall have to ask you to come out and get your fellow-deputy. He is useless to me. I mean to go on in the machine. The sheriff understands."

The fellow hesitated.

"I cannot take him with me, and he will freeze to death if I leave him in the road. Will you come?"

The man stared at her.

"Say, is it your husband?" he asked agape.

She nodded her head.

"Well, I'll go out and have a look at the fellow you've got with you," he said, still doubtful.

She stood in the door while he

She Knew—This Was the Woman.

crossed over to the car and peered at the face of the sleeper.

"Steve Morley," he said. "Fuller'n a goat."

"Please remove him from the car," she directed.

Later on, as he stood looking down at the inert figure in the big rocking chair, and panting from his labors, he heard her say patiently:

"And now will you be so good as to direct me to the Post-road."

He scratched his head. "This is mighty queer, the whole business," he declared, assailed by doubts. "Suppose you are not Mrs. Wrandall, but—the other one. What then?"

As if in answer to his question, the man Morley opened his blear-eyes and tried to get to his feet.

"What—what are we doin' here, Mis' Wran'all? Wha's up?"

"Stay where you are, Steve," said the other. "It's all right." Then he went forth and pointed the way to her. "It's a long ways to Columbus Circle," he said. "I don't envy you the trip. Keep straight ahead after you hit the Post-road." He stood there listening until the whir of the motor was lost in the distance. "She'll never make it," he said to himself. "It's more than a strong man could do on roads like these. She must be crazy."

Coming to the Post-road, she increased the speed of the car, with the sharp wind behind her, her eyes intent on the white stretch that leaped up in front of the lamps like a blank wall beyond which there was nothing but dense oblivion. But for the fact that she knew that this road ran straight and unobstructed into the outskirts of New York, she might have lost courage and decision. The natural confidence of an experienced driver was hers. She had the daring of one who has never met with an accident, and who trusts to the instincts rather than to an actual understanding of conditions. With her, it was not a question of her own capacity and strength, but a belief in the fidelity of the engine that carried her forward. It had not occurred to her that the task of guiding that heavy, swerving thing through the unbroken road was something beyond her powers of endurance. She often had driven it a hundred miles and more without resting, or without losing zest in the enterprise; then why should she fear the small matter of 30 miles, even under the most trying of conditions?

Sharply there came to her mind the question: was she the only one abroad in this black little world? What of the other woman? The one who was being hunted? Where was she? And what of the ghost at her heels?

The car bounded over a railroad crossing. She recalled the directions given by the man at the station and hastily applied the brake. There was another and more dangerous crossing a hundred yards ahead. She had been warned particularly to take it carefully, as there was a sharp curve in the road beyond.

Suddenly she jammed down the emergency brake, a startled exclamation falling from her lips. Not 20 feet ahead, in the middle of the road and directly in line with the light of the lamps, stood a black, motionless figure—the figure of a woman whose head was lowered and whose arms hung limply at her sides.

The woman in the car bent forward over the wheel, staring hard. Many seconds passed. At last the forlorn object in the roadway lifted her face and looked vacantly into the glare of the lamps. Her eyes were wide-open, her face a ghastly white.

"God in heaven!" struggled from the stiffening lips of Sara Wrandall. Her fingers tightened on the wheel.

She knew. This was the woman!

The long brown ulster; the limp, fluttering veil? "A woman about your size and figure," the sheriff had said.

The figure swayed and then moved a few steps forward. Blinded by the lights, she bent her head and shielded her eyes with her hand the better to glimpse the occupant of the car.

"Are you looking for me?" she cried out shrilly, at the same time spreading her arms as if in surrender. It was almost a wail.

Mrs. Wrandall caught her breath. Her heart began to beat once more.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she cried out, without knowing what she said.

The girl started. She had not expected to hear the voice of a woman. She staggered to the side of the road, out of the line of light.

"I—I beg your pardon," she cried—it was like a wail of disappointment—"I am sorry to have stopped you."

"Come here," commanded the other, still staring.

The unsteady figure advanced. Halting beside the car, she leaned across the spare tires and gazed into the eyes of the driver. Their faces were not more than a foot apart, their eyes were narrowed in tense scrutiny.

"What do you want?" repeated Mrs. Wrandall, her voice hoarse and tremulous.

"I am looking for an inn. It must be near by. I do—"

"An inn?" with a start.

"I do not recall the name. It is not far from a village, in the hills."

"Do you mean Burton's?"

"Yes. That's it. Can you direct me?" The voice of the girl was faint; she seemed about to fall.

"It is six or eight miles from here," said Mrs. Wrandall, still looking in wonder at the miserable night-farer.

The girl's head sank; a moan of despair came through her lips, ending in a sob.

"So far as that?" she murmured. Then she drew herself up with a fine show of resolution. "But I must not stop here. Thank you."

"Wait!" cried the other. The girl turned to her once more. "Is—is it a matter of life or death?"

There was a long silence. "Yes. I must find my way there. It is—death."

Sara Wrandall laid her heavily gloved hand on the slim fingers that touched the tire.

"Listen to me," she said, a shrill note of resolve ringing in her voice. "I am going to New York. Won't you let me take you with me?"

The girl drew back, wonder and apprehension struggling for the mastery of her eyes.

"But I am bound the other way. To the inn. I must go on."

"Come with me," said Sara Wrandall firmly. "You must not go back there. I know what has happened there. Come! I will take care of you. You must not go to the inn."

"You know?" faltered the girl.

"Yes. You poor thing!" There was infinite pity in her voice.

The girl laid her head on her arms.

Mrs. Wrandall sat above her, looking down, held mute by warring emotions. The impossible had come to pass. The girl for whom the whole world would be searching in a day or two, had stepped out of the unknown and, by the most whimsical jest of fate, into the custody of the one person most interested of all in that selfsame world. It was unbelievable. She wondered if it were not a dream, or the hallucination of an overwrought mind. Spurred by the sudden doubt as to the reality of the object before her, she stretched out her hand and touched the girl's shoulder.

Instantly she looked up. Her fingers sought the friendly hand and clasped it tightly.

"Oh, if you will only take me to the city with you! If you only give me the chance," she cried hoarsely. "I don't know what impulse was driving me back there. I only know I could not help myself. You really mean it? You will take me with you?"

"Yes. Don't be afraid. Come! Get in," said the woman in the car rapidly. "You—you are real?"

The girl did not hear the strange question. She was hurrying around to the opposite side of the car. As she crossed before the lamps, Mrs. Wrandall noticed with dulled interest that her garments were covered with mud; her small, comely hat was in sad disorder; loose wisps of hair fluttered with the unsightly veil. Her hands, she recalled, were clad in thin suede gloves. She would be half-frozen. She had been out in all this terrible weather—perhaps since the hour of her flight from the inn.

The odd feeling of pity grew stronger within her. She made no effort to analyze it, nor to account for it. Why should she pity the slayer of her husband? It was a question unasked, unconsidered. Afterwards she was to recall this hour and its strange impulses, and to realize that it was not pity, but mercy that moved her to do the extraordinary thing that followed.

Trembling all over, her teeth chattering, her breath coming in short little moans, the girl struggled up beside her and fell back in the seat. Without a word, Sara Wrandall drew the great buffalo robe over her and tucked it in about her feet and legs far up about her body, which had slumped down in the seat.

"You are very, very good," chattered the girl, almost inaudibly. "I shall never forget—" She did not complete the sentence, but sat upright and fixed her gaze on her companion's face. "You—you are not doing this just to turn me over to—to the police? They must be searching for me. You are not going to give me up to them, are you? There will be a reward I—"

"There is no reward," said Sara Wrandall sharply. "I do not mean to give you up. I am simply giving you a chance to get away. I have always felt sorry for the fox when the time for the kill drew near. That's the way I feel."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! But what am I saying? Why should I permit you to do this for me? I meant to go back there and have it over with. I know I can't escape. It will have to come, it is bound to come. Why put it off? Let them take me, let them do what they will with me. I—"

"Hush! We'll see. First of all, understand me: I shall not turn you over to the police. I will give you the chance. I will help you. I can do no more than that."

"But why should you help me? I—I—oh, I can't let you do it! You do not understand. I—have—committed—a—terrible—" she broke off with a groan.

"I understand," said the other, something like grimness in her level tones. "I have been tempted more than once myself." The enigmatic remark made no impression on the listener.

"I wonder how long ago it was that it all happened," muttered the girl, as if to herself. "It seems ages—oh, such ages."

"Where have you been hiding since last night?" asked Mrs. Wrandall, throwing in the clutch. The car started forward with a jerk, kicking up the snow behind it.

"Was it only last night? Oh, I've been—" The thought of her sufferings from exposure and dread was too much for the wretched creature. She broke out in a soft wail.

"You've been out in all this weather?" demanded the other.

"I lost my way. In the hills back there. I don't know where I was."

"Had you no place of shelter?"

"Where could I seek shelter? I spent the day in the cellar of a farmer's house. He didn't know I was there. I have had no food."

"Why did you kill that man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WITH THE BREAK OF DAWN

Birth of a New Day as Seen and Described by One Who Had the Vision of the Poet.

As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible, the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together, but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the celestial conclave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance, till at length, as we reached the Blue hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.—Everett.

National Pride.

The belief that all foreigners are inferior to one's own people is not peculiar to the so-called civilized nations. Professor Sumner of Yale used to call this national egotism "ethnocentrism," and cited an instance of it from a message sent south by a native Greenlander, extolling his land and its inhabitants as greatly superior to the countries and races of white men. In the Journal of Religious Psychology the anthropologist Crantz is quoted as saying:

"The Greenlanders consider themselves as the only civilized nation in the world. They are far superior in their own estimation to the Europeans, who supply an inexhaustible subject of raillery for their social parties. They do not appreciate the attitude of arrogant superiority adopted by many white men in their intercourse with so-called savages."

How It Happened.

His wife had made a little quiet investigation of his coat.

"Henry," she said in no pleasant tone, "you never mailed the letter I gave you last week. I can feel it right in the corner of your coat."

Her husband brought out the coat in a rather shame-faced way. There was no doubt, the letter was just where she said. Reaching into the inside pocket, he groped down and down until he at last grasped the envelope.

"Yes, my dear," he replied; "you see, it slipped down through the torn lining you promised to sew up more than a month ago."

Guarding Against Expense.

It took a New York millionaire to hit upon the best scheme yet for cutting down household expenses if one must wed; he married a fashionable milliner.—Baltimore News.

## CORN CAN BE GROWN ON CANADIAN PRAIRIES

Manitoba is now commencing to produce considerable corn, chiefly for feeding purposes. In some cases, where the crop can be matured into the dough stage, silos could be used and would be a profitable investment. According to the Farm and Ranch Review, a correspondent visited a field of corn in southern Manitoba on September 28. The corn then was untouched by frost and it stood on an average eight and nine feet in height. The corn had developed into the dough stage, and the crop would easily exceed 20 tons to the acre. At many experimental farms, the same favorable showing of the corn crop has manifested itself. At the Brandon experimental farm this year several varieties, all very good yielders, matured into good silo corn.

Considering the success with which corn can be produced, and the advantages to be gained by so producing it, should not it receive the serious attention of the western agriculturist?

Corn is successfully grown in the northern part of Minnesota in similar soil and under the same climatic condition, and there does not appear to be any reason why like results should not be secured in western Canada. It is the opinion of many American farmers of experience that the corn belt is extending northward. The prairie provinces must gradually take up with mixed farming. More stock on the farms must be raised, and in consequence farming must to some extent be diverted from grain growing to other necessary crops. If crops suitable for wintering cattle and especially dairy stock are to be grown, why should not corn be one of these crops? In Ontario and in the United States we find it forms the main bulky food for wintering beef and dairy cattle. They would not be without this profitable plant. In fact, since its introduction almost twice as much stock can be retained on the same amount of land, besides considering its great value for keeping the land clean. Some may say that many crops that can be grown in Ontario and the States cannot be grown here, but not so with corn, even now we find scattered fields of corn in Alberta and Saskatchewan.—Advertisement.

An Idea.

About the thinnest substance known is teleplasma, which is described as a sort of a cross between smoke and spiderweb. Wouldn't a gown made of it be just too exquisite for anything! —Youngstown Telegram.



All Equally Right—or Wrong.

Former President Taft told this little story to illustrate the puzzling character of a certain public question:

"I feel about that question very much as the man did who came across a creek which, as some one told him, was called the Saskaschiqualie creek. He asked a resident of the neighborhood how the spelled that name. The native said: 'Some spells it one way, and some spells it another, but in my judgment there ain't any correct way of spelling it.'"—Youth's Companion.

Gifted Princess Sophia.

Princess Sophia, wife of the ruler of the new state of Albania, is said to be a highly gifted woman. She is the mother of two children and quite a musician. She plays the harp, mandolin and guitar, singing to her own accompaniments. She writes poems and paints and has collected about her in Potsdam a charming circle of artists. She grew up in the country, in Roumania, and can ride any kind of a horse. Her husband, Prince William of Wied, is a great student, an athlete, and also is said to be a man of great intellectual force.

King George In France.

During the visit of King George and Queen Mary to Paris his majesty will be present at the annual spring review of the Paris garrison on April 22. The review will be held, as in previous years, at Vincennes. The review is generally held in March, but out of compliment to King George it has been delayed this year.